

NIGHT the THIRD.

N A R C I S S A.

Humbly Inſcrib'd to her GRACE

The DUTCHESS of P-----.

Ignoscenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoscere Manes,

VIRG.



L O N D O N:

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THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

FROM *Dreams*, where Thought in Fancy's maze
[runs mad,
To *Reason*, that Heav'n-lighted Lamp in Man,
Once more I wake; and at the Destin'd hour;
Punctual as Lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my Affignation with my Woe.

O! Lost to Virtue, Lost to manly Thought,
Lost to the noble Sallies of the Soul!
Who think it Solitude, to be Alone.
Communion Sweet! Communion large, and High!
Our Reason; Guardian Angel; and our God!
Then nearest These, when Others most Remote;
And All, ere long, shall be remote, but These.
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A Stranger! Unacknowledg'd! Unapprov'd!

Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
 To win thy Wish, Creation has no more.
 Or if we wish a *Fourth*, it is a Friend;
 But Friends, how mortal? Dangerous the Desire.

ALONE indeed, the Banisht from Himself,
 By Day's Intrusions loud, and rude Assaults,
 A tide of Tumult, and a Storm of Tongues.
 Take *Phæbus* to yourselves, ye basking Bards!
 Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head;
 And reeling thro' the wilderness of Joy;
 Where *Sense* runs Savage, broke from *Reason's* chain,
 And sings false Peace, till smother'd by the Pall.
 My Fortune is unlike; unlike, my Song;
 Unlike the Deity my Song invokes.
 I to *Day's* soft-ey'd Sister pay my Court,
 (*Endymion's* Rival!) and her aid implore;
 Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow * *Cynthia's* form,
 And modestly foregoe thine own! O Thou
 Who didst thyself, at midnight Hours, inspire!
 Say, why not *Cynthia* Patroness of Song?
 As Thou her Crescent, she thy Character,
 Assumes; still more a Goddess by the Change.

ARE

* At the Duke of Norfolk's Masquerade.

ARE there demuring Wits, who dare dispute
 This Revolution in the World *inspir'd*!
 Ye Train *Pierian*! to the Lunar Sphere,
 In silent Hour, address your ardent Call
 For aid Immortal; Lest her Brother's Right.
 She, with the Spheres Harmonious, nightly leads
 The merry Dance, and hears their matchless Strain,
 A Strain for Gods! Deny'd to mortal Ear!
 Transmit it hear'd, Thou Silver Queen of Heaven!
 What Title, or what Name endears thee more?
Cynthia! *Cilene*! *Phæbe*!---or dost hear
 With higher gust, fair *P---*d of the Skies?
 Is that the soft Enchantment calls thee down,
 More powerful than of old *Circean* charm?
 Come; but from Heavenly Banquets with thee bring
 The Soul of Song; and whisper in mine ear
 The Theft divine; or in propitious Dreams,
 (For Dreams are Thine) transfuse it thro' the breast
 Of thy first Votary;--But not thy Last;
 If, like thy Namefake, Thou art ever Kind.

AND Kind Thou wilt be; Kind on such a Theme;
 A Theme so like thee; a quite *Lunar* Theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholly, female, fair!
 A Theme that rose all-pale, and told my soul,

'Twas

'Twas Night ; on her fond Hopes perpetual Night !
 A Night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
 Than that which smote me from *Philander's* Tomb-
Narcissa follows, e'er his Tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary Woes ;
 They love a Train ; they tread each other's Heel :
Her Death invades *His* mournful right, and claims
 The Grief that started from my Lids for Him ;
 Seizes the faithless, alienated Tear,
 Or shares it, e'er It falls. So frequent Death,
 Sorrow, He more than causes, He confounds ;
 For human Sighs his rival Strokes contend,
 And make Distress, Distraction. Oh *Philander* !
 What was thy Fate ? A double Fate to me ;
 Portent, and Pain ! a Menace, and a Blow !
 Like the black Raven hov'ring o'er my Peace,
 Not less a Bird of Omen, than of Prey.
 It call'd *Narcissa* long before her Hour ;
 It call'd her tender Soul, by Break of Bliss,
 From the first Blossom, from the Buds of Joy ;
 Those Few, our noxious Fate unblasted leaves,
 In this inclement Clime of human life.

SWEET Harmonist ! and Beautiful as sweet !
 And young as beautiful ! and Soft, as young !

And

And Gay as soft ! and Innocent as gay !
 And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as Good !
 For Fortune fond had built her nest on High :
 Like Birds quite exquisite of Note and Plume,
 Transfixt by *Fate* (who loves a lofty Mark)
 How from the Summit of the Grove she fell,
 And left it Unharmonious ? All its Charm
 Extinguist in the Wonders of her Song !
 Her Song still vibrates in my ravisht Ear,
 Still melting There, and with voluptuous Pain
 (O to forget her !) trilling thro' my Heart !

SONG, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy ! this
 Of bright Ideas, Flowers of Paradise (Group
 As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the Skies ; as All
 We guess of Heaven : And these were all her Own :
 And she was mine ; and I was --- *was* most blest, ---
 Gay Title of the deepest Misery !

As bodies grow more pond'rous, rob'd of Life ;
 Good lost weighs more in Grief, than gain'd, in Joy.
 Like blossom'd Trees o'erturn'd by vernal Storm,
 Lovely in Death the beauteous Ruin lay ;
 And if in Death still lovely, Lovelier There ;
 Far lovelier ! Pity swells the Tide of Love.

And

And will not the Severe excuse a Sigh ?
 Scorn the proud Man that is asham'd to weep ;
 Our Tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our Shame.
 Ye that e're lost an Angel ! pity me.

Soon as the Lustre languisht in her Eye,
 Dawning a dimer Day on Human Sight ;
 And on her Cheek, the Residence of Spring,
 Pale Omen fate ; and scatter'd Fears around
 On all that saw, (and who could cease to gaze
 That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatcht her from the rigid North.
 Her native Bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
 And bore her nearer to the Sun ; the Sun
 (As if the Sun cou'd envy) checkt his Beam,
 Deny'd his wonted Succour, nor with more
 Regret, beheld her drooping, than the Bells
 Of Lilies ; Fairest Lilies ! not so fair.

QUEEN Lilies ! and ye painted Populace !
 Who dwell in Fields, and lead ambrosial Lives ;
 In morn, and ev'ning Dew, your beauties bathe,
 And drink the Sun ; which gives your Cheeks to
 And out-blush (*mine* excepted) every Fair ; [glow,
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her Hand,
 Which often cropt your Odors, Incense meet

To

To Thought so pure ; her flowery State of Mind
 In Joy unfa'n : Ye lovely Fugitives !
 Coæval race with man ! for man you smile ;
 Why not Smile at him too ? You share indeed
 His suddain Pass ; but not his constant Pain.
 So man is made, nought ministers delight,
 But what his glowing Passions can engage ;
 And glowing Passions bent on aught Below,
 Must, soon or late, with Anguish turn the Scale ;
 And Anguish after Rapture, how severe ?
 Rapture ? bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine,
 By plucking Fruit deny'd to mortal Taste,
 While *Here* presuming on the Rights of Heaven.
 For Transport dost Thou call on every Hour,
Lorenzo ? At thy Friend's expence be wise ;
 Lean not on Earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart ;
 A broken Reed, at best ; but, oft, a spear ;
 On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.

TURN, hopeless Thought ! turn from Her : Thought
 Resenting rallies, and wakes every Woe. [repell'd,
 Snatcht e'er thy Prime ! and in thy bridal Hour !
 And when kind Fortune, with thy Lover, smil'd !
 And when high-flavour'd thy fresh-op'ning Joys !
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss compleat !

And on a Foreign Shore ! Where Strangers wept !
 Strangers to Thee, and more surprizing still,
 Strangers to Kindness, wept : Their eyes let fall
 Inhuman Tears ; strange tears ! that trickled down
 From marble Hearts ! obdurate Tenderneſs !
 A Tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere,
 In Spight of Nature's ſoft Perſuaſion Steel'd :
 While *Nature* melted, *Superſtition* rav'd ;
That, mourn'd the Dead ; and *This* deny'd a Grave.

THEIR Sighs incenſt ; Sighs foreign to the Will !
 Their Will the *Tyger* ſuckt, outrag'd the Storm :
 For oh ! the curſt Ungodlineſs of Zeal !
 While *ſinful Fleſh* relented, *Spirit* nurſt
 In blind *Infallibility's* embrace,
 The *Sainted Spirit* petrify'd the breaſt :
 Deny'd the Charity of Duſt, to ſpread
 O'er Duſt ! a charity their Dogs enjoy.
 What cou'd I do ? what Succour ? what Reſource ?
 With pious Sacrilege, a Grave I ſtole ;
 With impious Piety, that Grave I wrong'd ;
 Short in my Duty ! Coward in my Grief !
 More like her Murderer, than Friend, I crept
 With ſoft-ſuſpended Step, and muffled deep
 In midnight Darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my Laſt Sigh.

I *whiſ-*

I *whisper'd* what shou'd echo thro' their realms;
 Nor writ her Name, whose tomb shou'd pierce the
 Presumptuous fear ! how durst I dread her foes, [Skies.
 While Nature's loudest Dictates I obey'd ?
 Pardon Necessity, Blest Shade ! Of Grief,
 And Indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;
 Half-execration mingled with my Pray'r ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;
 Sore-grudg'd the Savage land thy Sacred Dust ;
 Stamp'd the curst Soil ; and with Humanity,
 (Deny'd *Narcissa*,) wish'd them All a Grave.

Glows my Resentment into Guilt ? What guilt
 Can equal Violations of the Dead ?
 The Dead how Sacred ? Sacred is the Dust
 Of this Heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine !
 This Heaven-assum'd majestic robe of Earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast Expanse
 With Azure bright, and cloath'd the Sun in Gold.
 When every Passion sleeps that can offend ;
 When Strikes us every Motive that can melt ;
 When man can reek his rancour uncontroll'd,
 That strongest Curb on Insult and Ill-will ;
 Then, spleen to *Dust* ? the Dust of Innocence ?
 An Angel's Dust !---This *Lucifer* transcends ;
 When

When He contended for the Patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the Strife of Malice, but of Pride;
 The Strife of Pontif Pride, not Pontif Gall.

FAR less than This is shocking in a Race
 Most wretched, but from Streams of mutual Love;
 And Uncreated, but for love Divine;
 And but for love Divine, this Moment, lost,
 By Fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless Night.
 Man hard of Heart to man! Of horrid things
 Most horrid! Mid stupendous, highly strange!
 Yet oft his Courtesies are smother Wrongs;
 Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
 And contumelious his Humanity:
 What then his Vengeance? Hear it not, ye Stars!
 And thou, pale Moon! turn paler at the Sound;
 Man is to Man the forest, surest Ill.

A previous Blast foretells the rising Storm;
 O'erwhelming Turrets threaten ere they fall;
 Volcano's bellow ere they disembody;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning Jaws devour;
 And Smoak betrays the wide-consuming Fire:
 Ruin from Man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful Tidings in the Blow.
 Is this the Flight of Fancy? Would it were!

Heaven's

Heaven's Sovereign saves all Beings but Himself,
That hideous Sight, a naked human Heart.

FIR'D is the Muse? and let the Muse be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what He speaks, he feels,
And in the Nerve most tender, in his Friends?
Shame to Mankind! *Philander* had his Foes:
He felt the Truths I sing, and I in Him:
But he, nor I, feel more. Past Ills, *Narcissa*!
Are sunk in Thee: Thou recent wound of Heart!
Which bleeds with other Cares, with other Pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous Ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd Fate, and clust'ring There
Thick as the Locust on the land of *Nile*,
Made Death more deadly, and more dark the Grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching Tale)
How was each Circumstance with Aspics arm'd?
An Aspic, Each; and All, an *Hydra*-Woe.
What strong *Herculean* Virtue could suffice?—
Or is it Virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary Cheek a Train of Tears bedews,
And each tear mourns its own distinct distress;
And each Distress distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of Grief still more, as heighten'd by the Whole.
A Grief like *this* Proprietors excludes;

Not

Not Friends alone such Obsequies deplore,
 They make Mankind the Mourner; carry Sighs
 Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her Way,
 And turn the gayest Thought of gayest Age,
 Down their right Channel, thro' the Vale of Death.

THE Vale of Death! That husht *Cimmerian* Vale,
 Where *Darkness* brooding o'er Unfinisht Fates,
 With Raven wing incumbent, waits the Day
 (Dread Day!) that interdicts all future Change.
 That Subterranean World, that Land of Ruin!
 Fit Walk, *Lorenzo*, for proud human Thought!
 There let my Thought expatiate; and explore
 Balsamic Truths, and healing Sentiments,
 Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *Here*.
 For gay *Lorenzo's* sake, and for thine own,
 My Soul! "The Fruits of dying Friends survey;
 "Expose the *Vain* of Life; Weigh Life and Death;
 "Give Death his Eulogy; Thy Fear subdue;
 "And labour that First Palm of noble Minds,
 "A manly Scorn of Terror from the Tomb."

THIS Harvest reap from thy *Narcissa's* Grave.
 As Poets feign from *Ajax's* streaming blood
 Arise, with Grief inscrib'd, a mournful Flow'r;
 Let Wisdom blossom from my mortal Wound.

And

And *first*, of Dying Friends ; what Fruit from These?
 Rich Fruit this Tempest in our Bosom throws,
 Few Minds will gather in our Life's *Serene* :
 It brings us more than Triple Aid ; an Aid
 To chase our *Thoughtlessness*, *Fear*, *Pride*, and *Guilt*.

OUR dying Friends come o'er us like a Cloud,
 To damp our brainless Ardors ; and abate
 That Glare of Life, which often blinds the Wise.
 Our dying Friends are Pioneers, to smoothe
 Our rugged Pass to Death ; to break those Bars
 Of Terror, and Abhorrence, Nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way ; and, thus, to make
 Wellcome, as Safe, our Port from every Storm.
 Each Friend by Fate snatcht from us, is a Plume
 Pluckt from the Wing of human Vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aërial Heights,
 And damp't with Omen of our own Decease,
 On drooping pinions of Ambition lower'd,
 Just skim Earth's Surface, ere we break it up,
 O'er putrid Pride to scratch a little Dust,
 And save the World a Nuisance. Smitten Friends
 Are Angels sent on Errands full of Love ;
 For us they languish, and for us they die :
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?

Ungrate-

Ungrateful shall we grieve their hov'ring Shades,
 Which wait the Revolution in our Hearts?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft Address;
 Their posthumous Advice, and pious Prayer?
 Senseless, as Herds that graze their hallow'd Graves,
 Tread under foot their Agonies and Groans;
 Frustrate their Anguish, and destroy their Deaths?

LORENZO! no; the Thought of Death indulge;
 Give it its wholesome Empire, let It reign,
 That Kind Chastiser of the Soul to Joy!
 Its reign will spread thy glorious Conquests far,
 And still the Tumults of thy ruffled breast;
 Auspicious *Æra!* Golden Days begin!
 The Thought of Death, shall, like a God, inspire.
 And why not think on Death? Is Life the Theme
 Of every Thought? and Wish of every Hour?
 And Song of every Joy? Surprising Truth!
 The beaten Spaniel's fondness not so strange.
 To wave the numerous *Ills* that seize on Life
 As their own Property, their lawful Prey;
 Ere man has measured half his weary Stage,
 His Luxuries have left him no reserve,
 No maiden Relishes, unbroacht Delights;
 On cold-serv'd Repetitions He subsists,

And

And in the tasteless *Present* chaws the *Past*;
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down,
 Like lavish Ancestors, his earlier Years
 Have disinherited his future Hours,
 Which starve on Oughts, and glean their former Field!

LIVE ever Here, *Lorenzo*! shocking Thought!
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it, too;
 Disown from shame, what they from Folly crave,
 Live ever in the Womb, nor see the Light?
 For what live ever Here?—With labouring Step
 To tread out former Footsteps? Pace the Round
 Eternal? To climb daily Life's worn wheel,
 Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat,
 The beaten Track? To bid each wretched day
 The Former mock; To surfeit on the *Same*,
 And yawn our Joys? or thank a Misery
 For Change, tho' sad? To see what we have seen?
 Hear, till unheard the same old Slobber'd Tale?
 To taste the tasted, and at each return
 Less tastful; O'er our Palates to decant
 Another Vintage? strain a flatter year,
 Thro' loaded Vessels, and a laxer Tone?
 Crazy Machines to grind Earth's wasted Fruits!
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted; Load, not Life!

The *Rational* foul Kennels of Excess!
Still-streaming Thorough fairs of dull Debauch!
Trembling each Gulp, lest Death should snatch the
Such of our Fine Ones is the Wish refin'd! [Bowl.
So would they have it: Elegant Desire!
Why not invite the bellowing Stalls, and Wilds?
But such Examples might their riot awe.
'Thro' want of Virtue, that is, want of Thought,
(Tho' on bright Thought they father all their Flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate
The same vain World; to censure, and espouse
This painted Shrew of Life, who calls them Fool
Each Moment of each Day; To flatter Bad
'Thro' dread of Worse; To cling to this rude Rock,
Barren, *to them*, of Good, and Sharp with Ills,
And hourly Blacken'd with impending Storms,
And Infamous for wrecks of human Hope,---
Fear'd at the gloomy Gulph that yawns Beneath.
Such are their Triumphs! Such their Pangs of Joy!
'Tis Time, high Time to shift this dismal Scene.
This hugg'd, this hideous State, what Art can cure?
One only; but that One, what All may reach;
Virtue.---She, wonder-working Goddess! charms,
That *Rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted Shrew*;
And

And what will more surprize, *Lorenzo!* gives
 To Life's sick, nauseous *Iteration*, Change;
 And straitens Nature's Circle to a Line.
 Believ'st Thou This, *Lorenzo?* Lend an Ear,
 A patient ear, Thou'lt blush to Disbelieve.

A LANGUID, leaden *Iteration* reigns,
 And ever must o'er Those, whose joys are joys
 Of Sight, Smell, Taste: The Cuckow-seasons sing
 The same dull Note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those Seasons, from the teeming Earth,
 To doating *Sense* indulge: But nobler Minds
 Which relish Fruits unripen'd by the *Sun*,
 Make their Days various; various as the Days
 On the Dove's Neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
 On Minds of Dove-like innocence possess,
 On lightned Minds that bask in Virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs Tedious, nothing Old revolves,
 In *That*, for which they long; for which they live
 Their glorious Efforts wing'd with Heavenly Hope,
 Each rising Morning sees still higher rise;
 Each bounteous Dawn its Novelty presents
 To worth maturing, new Strength, Lustre, Fame;
 While Nature's Circle, like a Charlot-wheel
 Rowling *beneath* their elevated Aims,

Makes

Makes their fair Prospect, fairer every Hour ;

Advancing *Virtue*, in a Line to *Bliss*:

Virtue, which Christian Motives best inspire !

And *Bliss*, which Christian Schemes alone insure.

AND shall we then, for *Virtue's* Sake, commence
Apostates ? and turn Infidels for Joy ?

A Truth it is, Few doubt, but Fewer trust,

"He sins against *this* Life, who slights the *next*."

What is this Life ? How Few their Fav'rite know ?

Fond in the dark, and blind in our Embrace,

By passionately loving Life, we make

Lov'd Life unlovely ; Hugging her to Death.

We give to Time Eternity's Regard ;

And dreaming take our Passage for our Port.

Life has no Value as an End, but Means ;

An End deplorable ! a Means divine !

When 'tis our All ; 'tis Nothing ; worse than Nought ;

A Nest of Pains : when held as Nothing, Much :

Like some fair Humourists, Life is most enjoy'd,

When courted least ; most worth, when disesteem'd ;

Then 'tis the Seat of Comfort, rich in Peace ;

In Prospect, richer far ; Important ! Awful !

Not to be mention'd but with Shouts of Praise !

Not

Not to be thought on, but with Tides of Joy!
The mighty Basis of eternal Bliss!

WHERE now the *Barren Rock*? the *painted Shrew*?

Where now, *Lorenzo*! Life's *eternal Round*?

Have I not made my triple Promise good?

Vain is the World, but only to the Vain.

To what compare we then this varying Scene,

Whose Worth ambiguous rises, and declines?

Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*

Afflicts me Here) Compare it to the Moon;

Dark in herself, and Indigent; but Rich

In borrow'd Lustre from a higher Sphere:

When gross Guilt interposes, Labouring Earth

O'ershadow'd mourns a deep Eclipse of Joy;

Her Joys at brightest, pallid to that Font

Of full effulgent Glory, whence they flow.

NOR is that Glory distant: Oh *Lorenzo*!

A good Man and an Angel! These between

How thin the barrier? What their Fate divides?

Perhaps a Moment, or perhaps a Year;

Or if an Age, it is a moment still;

A moment, or Eternity's forgot:

Then Be, what once they were, who now are Gods;

Be what *Philander* was, and claim the Skies.

Starts

Starts timid Nature at the gloomy Pass?
 The soft Transition call it; and be chear'd;
 Such It is often, and why not to Thee?
 To hope the Best is Pious, Brave, and Wise,
 And may Itself procure, what It presumes.
 Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd;
 Compare the Rivals, and the Kinder crown.
 " Strange Competition" --- True *Lorenzo* ! Strange!
 So Little *Life* can cast into the Scale.

LIFE makes the Soul Dependent on the Dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the Spheres;
 Thro' Chinks, styl'd Organs, dim *Life* peeps at light;
Death bursts th' Involving Cloud, and all is Day;
 All Eye, all Ear, the disembodiy'd Power,
Death has feign'd Evils, Nature shall not feel;
Life, Ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun;
 Is not the mighty *Mind*, that Son of Heaven!
 By Tyrant *Life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
 By *Death* enlarg'd, ennobled, Deify'd?
Death but entombs the Body; *Life* the Soul.
 " Is *Death* then Guiltless? How He marks his Way
 " With dreadful Waste, of what deserves to shine?
 " Art, Genius, Fortune, elevated Pow'r!
 " With various Lustres *These* light up the World,
 " Which

"Which *Death* puts out ; and darkens human Race."

I grant, *Lorenzo* ! this Indictment just :

The Sage, Peer, Potentate, King, Conqueror !

Death humbles these ; more barbarous *Life*, the man

Life is the Triumph of our mouldering Clay ;

Death, of the Spirit Infinite ! Divine !

Death has no dread but what frail *Life* imparts ;

Nor *Life* true Joy, but what Kind *Death* improves.

No Bliss has *Life* to boast, till *Death* can give

Far Greater ; *Life*'s a Debtor to the Grave,

Dark Lattice ! letting in Eternal Day.

Lorenzo ! blush at Fondness for a *Life*,

Which sends celestial Souls on errands vile,

To cater for the Sense ; and serve at Boards,

Where every Ranger of the Wilds, perhaps,

Each Reptile justly claims our upper Hand ;

Luxurious Feast ! a Soul, a Soul immortal,

In all the Dainties of a Brute bemir'd !

Lorenzo ! blush at Terror for a *Death*,

Which gives thee to repose in festive Bowers ;

Where Nectars sparkle, Angels minister,

And more than Angels share, and raise, and crown.

And eternize, the Birth, Bloom, Bursts of Bliss.

O Feast indeed Luxurious ! Earth, vile Earth !

In

In all the Glories of a God array'd !

What need I more ? O *Death*, the Palm is thine.

THEN welcome, Death ! thy dreaded Harbingers
Age, and *Disease* ; *Disease*, tho' long my Guest ;

That plucks my Nerves, those tender Strings of Life,
Which pluckt a little more, will toll the Bell

That calls my few Friends to my Funeral ;

Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a Tear,

While Reason and Religion, better taught,

Congratulate the Dead, and crown his tomb

With wreath triumphant. Death is Victory ;

It binds in chains the raging Ills of Life :

Lust and *Ambition*, *Rage* and *Avarice*,

Dragg'd at his chariot wheel, applaud his Power.

That Ills corrosive, Cares importunate,

Are not Immortal too, O Death ! is Thine.

Our Day of Dissolution ?——Name it right ;

'Tis our great Pay-day ; 'Tis our Harvest, rich

And ripe ; what tho' the Sickle, sometimes keen,

Just scars us, as we reap the golden Grain ?

More than thy Balm, O *Gilead* ! heals the Wound.

Birth's feeble Cry, and *Death*'s deep dismal Groan,

Are slender Tributes low-taxt Nature pays,

For mighty Gain : The Gain of each, a Life !

But

But O, the Last the Former so transcends,
Life dies, Compar'd: *Life* lives beyond the Grave.

And feel I, *Death*! no joy from thought of Thee!
Death, the great Counsellor, who Man inspires,
 With every nobler Thought, and fairer Deed!

Death, the Deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the Rewarder, who the rescued crowns!

Death, that absolves my Birth, a curse without it!
 Rich *Death*, that realizes all my Cares,

Toils, Virtues, Hopes; without it, a Chimeræ!

Death, of all Pain the Period; not, of Joy,
 Joy's Source, and Subject, still subsist unharmed,

One in my Soul; and One, in her great Sea,

Tho' the four Winds were warring for my Dust,

Yes, and from Winds, and Waves, and central Earth,

Tho' prison'd there, my Dust too I reclaim

(To Dust when drop proud Nature's proudest Day)

And live Entire. Death is the Crown of Fate.

Was Death deny'd, poor Man would live in vain.

Was Death deny'd, to live would not be life.

Was Death deny'd, even Fools would wish to die.

Death wounds, to cure: We fall; we rise; we part;

Spring from our Fetters; fasten in the Skies;

Where 'looming *Eden* withers in our Sight;

Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost.

This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.

When shall I die to Vanity, Pain, Death?

When shall I die?—When shall I live for ever?

F I N I S.



